

POLICE STILL SEEK BOY IN JULIA CONNORS CASE

Employer Gives Him Good Name,
but Watch Is Set on Brother's
House in Brooklyn.

WAS SOON TO GO ABROAD

Three More Arrests Made—
Close Inquiry Begun Into
Records of Assaults
of Women.

The absence of a youth from his place of employment continued yesterday to occupy an important place in the minds of detectives who are trying to solve the mystery of the murder of Julia Connors on Sunday morning in the apartment house at No. 3870 Third avenue, The Bronx. Although the boy's employer, Morris Isaacs, who keeps a butcher shop at No. 3808 Third avenue, said the young man had left him several days before the murder, Lieutenant Wines, of the staff of detectives working on the case, said last night that he was by no means eliminated from their investigations.

"The boy is the best sort of lad," said Mr. Isaacs yesterday. "Last Tuesday, a week ago, he quit. He had told us he wanted to return to his folks in Hungary, and showed us a ticket for passage on the Cincinnati. When we pointed out to him that the vessel did not sail until Thursday and told him there was no need of quitting Tuesday, he said he wanted to see his brother, who lives in Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn."

The police were unable to determine yesterday whether the boy had sailed on the Cincinnati, as he said he was going to do. A watch was set on his brother's house last night by the police.

"We have not the slightest thing to show," the police said yesterday, "that any suspicion should attach to this lad, but we are simply investigating thoroughly everything that comes to our attention."

"Another man, the eighth to be taken in custody, was arrested last night. He is a small, dark man, supposed to be a Greek, and was arrested at 170th street and Fulton avenue, The Bronx, where he was found acting queerly. He was taken to the headquarters of The Bronx Detective Bureau, where he was put through a close examination. He told the police he was Ernest Heupville, thirty-eight years old, and that he had been in this country eighteen years. He was held as a suspicious person. The police say he was fined \$1 in the Magistrate's court on a disorderly conduct charge on June 8, 1911.

A letter was received yesterday about 4 o'clock by Mrs. Connors, mother of the murdered girl, purporting to come from a negro woman, who said she lived in Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, and for \$50 would give her information that would lead to the discovery of the man who killed her daughter.

Two More Men Arrested.

Two other arrests were made yesterday, but both were only in a remote way on the murder. The more important of the two was the arrest of a man at 145th street and Willis avenue, who described himself as Charles Kramer, nineteen years old, of No. 453 East 138th street.

According to the story told by Alice Dwyer, fourteen years old, of No. 420 East 135th street, she was returning to her home from St. Jerome's Church, when she saw Kramer in the vestibule of a house at No. 153 Willis avenue. He beckoned to her, she said, and offered her five and ten cents, and when she refused to go with him he seized her by the arm and attempted to pull her into the doorway.

"Terrified, and recalling what had befallen Julia Connors, who happened also to be on her way home from church when last seen, Alice tore herself away from the man's grasp and ran home. When she arrived there she told her brother Louis, who returned to the place with her, and found Kramer still in the vestibule.

Kramer fled, according to the story told in court, with the brother in pursuit. He ran into the arms of Patrolman Murphy, of the Alexander avenue station. The detectives working on the Connors case were informed, while the prisoner was taken to the Morrisania court and charged with attempting to entice the girl into a hallway. He was held by Magistrate Barlow in \$500 bail for examination to-day, and was handed over to the police meanwhile for further interrogation.

The other man taken into custody was thought to be a harmless lunatic. He was John Carmardo, a watchman, and was arrested when the police were told by boys that they had heard him talking to himself about two girls he had killed. He repeated the same remarks to the police when taken to the station house, and said that he had "been sick in his head" a year ago, being sent to the Utica Asylum for the Insane. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital for observation, the police being satisfied he had no connection with the present case.

There were two other lines of investigation that were occupying members of the big squad of men detailed to the case. One was an inquiry into the records and present whereabouts of all men who during the last few months have been arrested for attacks of any sort upon women. This line of work took members of the squad as far as Mount Vernon to look up the record of an Italian slasher there.

Charges Against Pole Recalled.

Another case that was revived as a result of this line of inquiry was that of a Pole arrested twice on complaints of

women, but released both times for lack of evidence. His second alleged offence was committed at St. Joseph's Deaf and Dumb Asylum, at 188th street and Bathgate avenue. He first aroused the suspicions of one of the sisters, who communicated with her brother, a policeman. Detective Conway was sent to the place, and one night saw a man with a stiletto in his hand attempting to get through a window. Conway arrested the man, but the case was dropped on account of the reluctance of the sisters to appear against him.

The second line of investigation was into the story about a man said to be the only other person having access to the flat in which the slaying was done in addition to the owner of the house, Moses Stern. The police refused yesterday to divulge what they knew of this matter.

The first explanation was made by the police yesterday why, in their opinion, the hair of the little girl had been cut off. Her locks were found behind the bloody bathtub, in which the police say they are satisfied the fatal stabbing was done. In the hair there were entangled a number of feathers and particles of sawdust. The significance of this, the police said, seemed to be that the girl had lain in the storeroom in the basement of the house at some stage of the attack on her.

In this storeroom, which was used by the butcher shop of Mr. Isaacs upstairs, there were a quantity of chicken feathers and sawdust sweepings from the floor. The police theory was that, before removing the body from the flat, the hair had been slashed off to conceal the fact that she had been in that room. These facts, they said, strengthened their theory that the murderer was some one thoroughly familiar with the premises.

Outsiders Bother the Police.

The police were bothered a good deal yesterday by "detectives" and investigators of all sorts, who offered various theories and "information." One anonymous communication stated the murderer would be back at the scene of the crime yesterday. Another informant declared that the crime had not been committed in the flat, but that the slayer had simply gone there afterward to wash his hands.

Still another informant declared he knew positively that the body of the child had not been carried out of the flat by the murderer himself. He said that this was done by a man and a woman who had nothing to do with the crime. All of this kind of talk was ignored by the police, who said that they were satisfied as to the correctness of their hypothesis of the actions of the slayer, even if they had as yet no very satisfactory clue to his identity.

WHITE STREAK IN AVENUE

Like Garden of Eden Till "Cop"
Gets Boy Robber.

The luncheon crowd in Washington Square Park yesterday was entertained by three little ragamuffins, who splashed about in the centre fountain with no stitch of clothing to hide the healthy glow of their bodies. Nobody seemed to mind at all; in fact, the crowd cheered and tossed pennies into the water, every one of which was recovered and clasped tightly in a wet young fist. The fun was at its height when along came Policeman Charles Abel. Out jumped the three, dripping boys, and away they went. Later they said they were Alfred Falzo, of No. 134 Thompson street; Carmelo Benante, of No. 224 Sullivan street; and Giuseppe Cisnuri, of No. 217 Sullivan street. After that they were held for the Children's Society, as juvenile delinquents. But on with the story.

Even in summer time it is an uncommon sight to see a boy—even a very small boy—scotching off dignified old Fifth avenue without any clothes. Anyway, whole crowds of people gazed with wonder as little Alfred beat it along, a puffing, heavy, blue-uniformed and buttoned policeman running in the wake of the white streak. But at 12th street some one stopped Alfred and handed him over to the policeman.

Back in the park were two other little fellows, in the centre of a protecting crowd, the members of which suspected that the big policeman would return for his captives. He did.

GREEK EDITOR ARRESTED

Arch Exarch Charges Him with
Libel—Paper War Goes On.

The fight between the "Atlantis" and the "Prehellenic" competing Greek newspapers in this city, goes merrily along. It started when Socrates A. Xanthakys, now editor of the "Prehellenic," left the employ of the "Atlantis" and began saying things about the latter paper and its owners, Solon J. Vlasto and his brother, Demetrius Vlasto.

Eventually the wordy warfare got into the police court, and recently the differences of the Greek editors got into the Supreme Court, where Demetrius Vlasto brought a suit for libel against Xanthakys and had him arrested, because Xanthakys lives in New Jersey. Xanthakys was again arrested yesterday by the Sheriff, this time in a suit for \$10,000 damages brought by Solon J. Vlasto, also based on alleged libel.

Vlasto said in his complaint he was the Arch Exarch General of the Greek Orthodox Church in America. He complained that the "Prehellenic" had said that he was "an international swindler" and "a shameless exploiter of things holy and sacred, stigmatized by the curses of thousands of Greeks in America."

It also said of Mr. Vlasto that he was "a beggar Exarch." As for the "Atlantis," the "Prehellenic" insisted that it was "a state of material and moral bankruptcy," and besides this was "a synophantical, insulting and blackmailing organ."

Mr. Xanthakys gave Sheriff Harburger a bond for \$1,000 and went on his way.

JUNIOR REPUBLICANS WED

"Daddy" George, Founder, Gave the
Bride Away.

Freeville, N. Y., July 10.—The seventeenth annual Founders' Day observance of the George Junior Republic was held to-day. The feature of the exercises, which were attended by many prominent persons, was the marriage of two former citizens, Ethel E. Kelly, of Auburn, and James O. Walsh, of Boston. The wedding was the culmination of a romance begun several years ago, when both were citizens of the republic, and is the first marriage ceremony to be solemnized in the Junior Republic. "Daddy" George, the founder, gave the bride away.

The George Junior Republic Alumni Association elected the following officers: President, William G. Goodwin, of Auburn; vice-president, Frederick McClelland, of Rochester; secretary, William A. Gutz, of Flushing; N. Y.; executive committee, John J. O'Connor, of Albany, and William J. Greenfield, of New York.

SUNDAY'S NEW-YORK TRIBUNE

Mailed anywhere in the United States for \$2.50 a year.

SAY HE STOLE \$40,000

Respected Church Member Led
Double Life, It Is Charged.

ARRESTED ON "WHITE WAY"

Den Talmage Sons' Bookkeeper
Held for Thefts Covering
Period of Six Years.

Laughter and care free words, joking remarks and Broadway gossip, all floated from the interior of a large red touring car that drew up in front of a café in West 58th street late on Tuesday night. A natty little man, gray haired and fidgety, stepped from the tonneau and helped three giggling young girls alight. Then he led the way toward the entrance of the gilded café.

The dumpy at the door was just bowing low to the little man, who was well known there, and was about to take his hat and cane, when two men stepped from the shadow of a nearby doorway and placed themselves in his path.

One of the men leaned forward and whispered something in the little man's ear. His face blanched and he trembled violently. He drew a handkerchief and mopped his forehead. Then he peered through his thick glasses at the two men and his upper lip became tremulous as he asked:

"Who are you?"

One of the men told him that they were Detectives Yore and Brown, of the Old Slip police station, and that they had a warrant for his arrest. In compliance with the nervous little man's demand they showed their badges, and then their prisoner broke down. He lost his jaunty bearing in a moment and appealed to Yore:

"Have you a revolver? Give it to me and I will save you the trouble of taking me to Headquarters."

And thus ended the gay party. The young women, seeing the detectives walking off with their escort, looked on in wonder and then slipped quietly away.

Such was the climax to the high finance career of William M. Lawrence, forty years old, of No. 16 South Elliott place, Brooklyn, bookkeeper in the employ of Dan Talmage Sons' Company, rice merchants, No. 112 Water street. His salary was \$1,700 a year, but it is alleged he spent five times that amount and that he lived a double life. At the Brooklyn address he lived with his wife and three children and was a respected member of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church.

In Manhattan he was a different man. Here he was one of the familiar figures along Broadway, Broadway at night—and no party of the Bohemian set was too giddy or too swift for him.

The prisoner was taken to the Old Slip station and later to the Tombs court, where he faced Magistrate Corrigan. That is where the story came out, the story of how an illly paid clerk had tried to play the game at both ends.

Lawrence was charged with larceny in the third degree and grand larceny. The specific sum mentioned in the complaint was \$5,000, but his employers allege the clerk's thefts will foot up to about \$10,000 in the last six years. He is said to have confessed that he covered up shortages by manipulation of his books. He was held in \$5,000 bail for trial.

Lawrence had been employed by the rice merchants for twelve years. A few days ago a series of peculations were discovered and Lawrence was suspected. A warrant was issued for his arrest, but the bookkeeper got wind of this and did not show up for work last week.

FEAR HE KILLED HIMSELF

Friends of Starr Revelas Ask Po-
lice to Find Mining Man.

The police of all nearby cities have been asked to find Starr Revelas, a young mining engineer from Alaska, who disappeared from his apartments in the Hotel Breslin, on June 28, last, without previous intention, apparently, as all his baggage and much of his clothing was left intact in his room, as though he had stepped out for a few minutes only.

No word has been received from the missing man by any of his relatives, and it is feared he may have committed suicide, following an adverse court decision on the day he left his hotel. For fifteen years Revelas, a Greek, six feet in height and a typical Western mining man, had been in Alaska, working for the Guggenheim interests.

Last August Revelas came to New York in the interests of the Yukon Dredging & Construction Company, in which he held stock. According to the story told by Revelas to friends about the Breslin, some of the stockholders in this company, knowing they had a valuable piece of property, schemed to freeze out the small stockholders, including Revelas.

In accordance with this scheme, Revelas is reported to have said, an engineer was sent to the site and made an adverse report on the property, as had been arranged. This was done, it is said, in order that the company could be placed in the hands of a receiver and then be bought up by the large stockholders for a mere fraction of its real value.

The case dragged along in the courts all last winter, but a final ruling was not given until June 28, when the courts decided that the men arrayed against Revelas were within their rights in the proceedings they had begun. Persons living at the Breslin, to whom he had confided his hopes of eventually winning the court proceedings, said he seemed dazed on the day the decision against him was rendered.

RAID ON BEACH SEERS

Twenty-five Coney Island Fortune
Tellers Arrested.

A flock of detectives, headed by Mrs. Isabella Goodwin, a first grade detective herself, descended upon fortune tellers at Coney Island and Brighton Beach last night and made twenty-five arrests, all of them including six women. The evidence against the fortune tellers was furnished by Mrs. Goodwin, Mrs. Adele Priest, matron at the Snyder avenue station, in Flatbush, and Mrs. Mary A. Sullivan, matron at the Delancey street station. Several weeks ago Commissioner Waldo received complaints against the fortune tellers, and he requested Second Deputy Commissioner Dougherty to investigate.

Dougherty selected Mrs. Goodwin and the two other women to run down the offenders. For the last week Mrs. Goodwin, the only woman detective on the New York force, visited every fortune teller on Coney Island. She and her assistants gathered sufficient evidence to justify warrants being issued by Magistrate Kemper.

Assisted by Captain Coughlin, of the Brooklyn detective bureau, and twenty-five detectives, the raiding force swept through Coney Island and Brighton Beach, arresting the offenders as fast as they were identified by the women detectives. All were taken to the Coney Island police station, where they were charged with disorderly conduct. They will be arraigned in the Coney Island court this morning.

HUMAN CUSHION BADLY HURT.

While sleeping on the fire escape at the fourth floor of No. 218 Moore street, Williamsburg, yesterday, Henry Cohen, five years old, fell to the rear yard, landing on Michael Brecher, fifty-two years old, who had also made his way down. The boy landed on the head of the old man, who was lying on his back, and the old man was badly hurt. The boy's mother, who lives at No. 218 Moore street, said that her son had been playing on the fire escape for some time, and that he had been hurt by falling from it. The boy's mother said that she had been looking for him, and that she had found him lying on the fire escape. The boy's mother said that she had been looking for him, and that she had found him lying on the fire escape.

'CHANGES PLAY BASEBALL

Scratch Team of Cotton Brokers
Beats Stock Traders' Pride.

BOLL WEVILS HOT ROOTERS

They Lined the Path to First
Base and Yelled Out the
Winning Run.

Stock played Cotton yesterday. At least such was the designation of the opposing baseball teams on the scoreboard. And King Cotton won, as the unimaginative staple has way of winning over the less tangible stock certificate in the game of trade supremacy. In brief, the Cotton Exchange nine walloped the Stock Exchange nine where it hit the most, in their pride.

The great game ran its allotted course on the diamond of the Staten Island Country Club, in Livingston, Staten Island. There the cotton brokers scored six runs to five marked down for their rivals, and with the game won a plethora of hot invective enough to take the whole Cotton Exchange to luncheon for a week. And afterwards both sides, players and rooters, retired to the clubhouse, where they broke training.

But the score does not by any means measure the humiliation of the stock brokers. They have been touted as having a real team, one possessing a uniform, for one thing, with N. Y. S. E. in script monogram over the heart. Their team has practiced and played together and boasts the largest percentage of former college stars of all similar teams the country over.

King Cotton's representatives, on the other hand, looked like Coxe's Army, compared with the gray and green clad regulars of the other side. One man wore sky blue socks. Two sported blouses suspiciously resembling Ed. Delmo's lastly elaborated underwear. One man wore a bicycle outfit, with a jockey cap, and still another had nothing whatever to distinguish him from a business man, with his coat off, except a pair of spiked shoes. He didn't even show his opponents the courtesy of removing his collar.

Furthermore, this homespun aggregation had never before played a game together and had practiced together only twice. The Stock Exchange has had a team which has played the Boston Stock Exchange a matched game off and on during the season for the last ten years. The "Big Board" has become indifferent to its prowess.

Not so the cotton traders. They lined the track to first base and three deep to root for their team, and perhaps it was their moral support which squeezed out the extra run. They made all the noise, since, with the exception of a substitute or two, the stock brokers played without support, like foreigners in a hostile land.

The game was scheduled for 4 o'clock, and almost everybody made the \$120 ferry to St. George, but there were enough who did not to delay things, so that by the time the players had limbered up and the first man had come to bat it was 4:45 o'clock.

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AUG. BELMONT TESTIFIES

Says His Name Alone Was Worth
\$1,500,000 to Interborough.

HE BACKED J. B. McDONALD

Put Up a Million of His Own to
Help Build Subways—Has
Tilts with Counsel.

Clashes between August Belmont and J. Aspinwall Dodge, who examined him, and between Mr. Dodge and counsel for Mr. Belmont, marked the examination of the banker yesterday in the suit brought against him by Clarence Verner and the Continental Securities Company as stockholders of the Interborough. The action is one to force Mr. Belmont to turn back to the Interborough Rapid Transit Company \$1,500,000 of its stock which was voted to him in 1902.

Mr. Belmont from the start did not appear to share Mr. Dodge's idea that identification of documents and confirmation of the dates on them were worth while. His answers began to grow impatient, and finally he refused flatly to be bothered with such details.

"I don't wish to waste my time by answering questions when every fact concerning them is a matter of record and you can look it up," Mr. Belmont said. He then balked at Mr. Dodge's demand for a categorical yes or no, saying that no such answer was possible, and that he ought to have his own way in answering questions.

"You are entirely unfamiliar with business matters," he told Mr. Dodge, and when those present began to laugh at the lawyer's discomfiture, he added: "That's a fact, and that's why I want to explain these things to you."

In all this Delancey Nicoll and Joseph Auerbach, counsel for Mr. Belmont, supported their client. Mr. Nicoll selected a highly studied and diplomatic manner of objections and appeals to Langdon P. Marvin, the referee, while Mr. Auerbach proceeded to a verbal attack on Mr. Dodge, which in the heat of the day and the battle came dangerously near a direct quarrel with physical emphasis.

The record heat of the proceeding was reached when Mr. Dodge said that Mr. Belmont had testified to a certain figure the day before, and now seemed to find correct a figure considerably higher. Mr. Auerbach protested that Mr. Belmont had not testified as Mr. Dodge asserted, and handed to Mr. Dodge a transcript of the testimony. When Mr. Dodge read only a sentence from it and refused to read more, Mr. Auerbach jumped at Mr. Dodge and tore the book out of his hands, and then read as much as he liked to the amused audience.

The complaint in the suit asserted that the services rendered by Mr. Belmont for the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, which he received the \$1,500,000 worth of stock, were valued at \$3,000,000, were not sufficient to warrant such a compensation. The plaintiffs also asserted that the stocks and bonds of the City Island and Pelham Park Railroad Company which were acquired by Mr. Belmont for the Interborough for about \$300,000 were practically without value.

In the intervals between objections and refusal to testify, Mr. Belmont said yesterday that he had no interest with John R. McDonald prior to his bid for the construction of the present subway in 1900. He said that he and Mr. McDonald came to his office, the banker said, to obtain money in order to put up the \$100,000 bond required from the bidder and to secure \$1,000,000 which they needed. No written agreement was entered into, Mr. Belmont said, and it was left entirely to his discretion to arrange the individual profits in the enterprise after the McDonald bid was accepted by the city.

As to the value of his services, which the plaintiffs dispute, Mr. Belmont declared that the mere giving of his name to the enterprise was worth the \$1,500,000 in stock. But that was not the only service he rendered, he explained. He went before the Rapid Transit Board and convinced them that Mr. McDonald had sufficient financial support behind him to live up to the provisions of the bid. He also put up \$1,000,000 of his own money, Mr. Belmont said, and finally arranged for the surety which the Rapid Transit Company was unable to obtain.

Mr. Belmont will be examined again on July 24.

ANGLING IN THE BASEMENT

Owner Bilks Burglar of Cut
Glass Catch.

No bait is needed in fishing for cut glass and silverware. This great piscatorial discovery was made early yesterday morning by a burglar, who, with hook, line and pole, was detected in the act of poaching on the preserves of John Reardon, captain of Engine Company No. 11, who lives at No. 75 Wilson street, Williamsburg.

Like a true fisherman, the burglar started out at daybreak to catch some fine specimens of Captain Reardon's cut glass. Noisily he opened one of the basement windows in the captain's home and thrust his pole, line and hook through the barred casement. He dangled a little before he hooked a goodly haul of one of the handles on the punchbowl, which graced the sideboard in the dining room.

The big "fish" took a substantial grip on the hook, but the fisherman was obliged to play it as though it were a demop whale struggling for life. Up to this time the fisherman had used great skill in trying to land his quarry, but at the psychological moment some one opened a window on the second floor. The fisherman looked up and met the eyes of Captain Reardon. No more fishing for the burglar. Dropping his outfit, he ran to the fence, vaulted it and made a quick get-away through Wilson street.

As if he were about to make his way to a fire, Captain Reardon rushed downstairs and was out on the street in a fifty, but this time the captain forgot his fish clothes. He walked only in pajamas. He heard the burglar for several blocks, but the latter disappeared in Bedford avenue.

MOB INCREASED AIR PERILS

Seligman Declined to Fly When Costa
Ricans Made Threats.

Aviation, with all its dangers, seems to be most hazardous in Central America, according to the testimony of José de Salba, formerly manager for the Mexican International Aviation, who are suing Jesse Seligman for failure to fly in accordance with his contract. Seligman was engaged to make flights in Salvador, Costa Rica and other countries in Central America.

Salba was examined before trial of the suit against Seligman. He told of a flight made by the aviator at a "heta" in San José, Costa Rica. There were fifteen thousand persons present, including the President of the republic. After a short flight, said Salba, Seligman refused to go up again.